THE
NATION

FEBRUARY 8, 1958 . . 25c

DETROIT: The Day The Job Stopped

by B. J. Widick

EARLY MARRIAGE

by William Graham Cole

REBUILDING CITIES—and POLITICS

by Jeanne R. Lowe

The Charles C. Sherrod Library
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JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

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LETTERS

Anti-Test Petition

Dear Sirs: On Christmas Eve, the American Friends Service Committee began a nation-wide petition campaign asking President Eisenhower to "cancel the nuclear-weapons tests" which have been scheduled for next April in the Pacific testing area. This appeal is made in the name of humanity and labels the tests as both "biologically destructive and morally indefensible."

Our fervent hope is that cessation of the tests would prove a "first realistic step" toward disarmament and peace. We hope to gather a million signatures.

Although initiated by the American Friends Service Committee, the petition is being distributed by other groups and by individuals. Copies in any quality may be obtained from the undersigned, care of the American Friends Service Committee at 20 South 12th Street, Philadelphia 7, Pennsylvania.

WILLIAM BASNIGHT
Director, Peace Literature Service
American Friends Service Committee

Philadelphia, Pa.

Drama in a Library

Dear Sirs: A few days ago I read at our Free Public Library the article entitled The Remington Case [*The Nation*, December 25, 1957]. I was moved to tears. Terribly embarrassing for an old man (seventy-seven this month)—especially with those young high school students around!

I see the need for your kind of publication, devoted to justice, even in our free republic.

GUSTAVE SCHMIDT

Bloomfield, N.J.

New Orleans Vignette

Dear Sirs: Punch Miller, trumpeter devoted to jazz for more than thirty years, dropped into New Orleans in time to catch the '57 Mardi Gras. From a job playing with a mixed group in a French Quarter art studio, he managed to scrape up a meager living ($15-$30 a week for a three-night stand) from a hat passed by devoted jazz lovers.

The art studio was well lit, feet were tapping to the lilting rhythms, and everyone was having a good time. But good times can't last forever. The New Orleans police broke up the session on the grounds that the musicians were disturbing the peace. (It is interesting that Pat O'Brien's, the noisiest dive in New Orleans, is next door to the studio.) The musicians were herded to the police station in an integrated squad car, and a trial was set for the next night, the affidavit reading in part:

> That on Thursday the 24th day of January 1957, at about 11:30 P.M., on 726 St. Peter St., one Thomas Valentine (CM), Eddie Morris (CM), Ernest Miller (CM), Joel Salter (WM), Charles R. Devore (WM), Donald Berg (WM) did then and there wilfully violate Ordinance No. 828 MCS Section 42-42 relative to disturbing the peace by playing loud music, all against the peace and dignity of the City of New Orleans.

CM stands for Colored Male, of course, and WM for White Male.

On the following Thursday, Punch and his friends took their seats among a bunch of ruffians, drunkards and sex offenders. Judge Babylon (the name is real) presided. Some of the Judge's words of wisdom: (To the Negro offenders) "Don't mix your cream with your coffee"... (To the white offenders) "These people want to be left alone; they pray differently, they dance differently, and they talk differently" ... (To all) "You guys sure have sunk down low"... (To the Northern faction) "I've never seen no Northerner yet that didn't have baggy pants"... (To all) "You won't do it again if you know what's good for your health." The charges of disturbing the peace were dismissed.

Since the trial, Punch has had trouble making a living. Not having enough money to join the union, he is out of a job. His health won't allow him to do heavy work. He is in need of money. For further information, write to Ernest Miller, c/o American Music, 600 Chartres Street, New Orleans, Louisiana.

ERWIN HELFER

New Orleans, La.

TV Fraud?

Dear Sirs: The "Menace of Pay-TV," in your issue of January 10, was extremely well put. There is one aspect in the case against pay-TV which seems to be overlooked. When people were first solicited by the manufacturers of television sets to buy this or that make, what were the inducements offered? Who doesn't remember photographs or drawings of enthralled watchers gazing at football games, prize-fights, dramas, comedy stars, etc.? These are what were promised, and millions of people purchased their sets accordingly. If that belief is now nullified, if the owner of a set must now pay an *additional charge* in order to have what he thought he had purchased, why cannot he sue the manufacturer for fraud?

FRANCES DUNCAN MANNING

Burbank, Cal.

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

109 ●

ARTICLES

111 ● Early Marriage
by WILLIAM GRAHAM COLE

115 ● Venezuela: Hour of Promise
by WALDO FRANK

116 ● Detroit: The Day the Job Stopped
by B. J. WIDICK

118 ● Rebuilding Cities—and Politics
by JEANNE R. LOWE

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

122 ● Politics and the Good Citizen
by DAVID THOMSON

123 ● A Novel for Teacher
by DAVID RAY

124 ● Undine (poem)
by ERIC PFEIFFER

125 ● The Loss of Laughter
by JACOB KORG

125 ● Bucolic (poem)
by W. S. MERWIN

126 ● Theatre
by ROBERT HATCH

127 ● Art
by MAURICE GROSSER

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 128)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1958
VOLUME 186, NUMBER 6

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Is Defense the Issue?

The issue, we are told, has been joined. The 1958 Congressional campaign will be waged over the question of defense; on this both parties are agreed. The Republicans will contend, of course, that national defense is in excellent shape; the Democrats will insist that it has been grievously neglected even with a $40 billion military budget. But since it would be embarrassing to Senator Johnson if the issue were pushed too far, the Democrats will focus on the future, not the past. For both parties, of course, there is much to be said, politically, in making defense the big issue. Everyone wants to feel secure. No one is opposed to a strong defense program. And since the division between the parties on the issue is one of degree, not of substance, the campaign can be conducted in an amiable, bipartisan manner. Moreover, defense provides an excellent cover for weaknesses which both parties are anxious to conceal: for the Republicans, the weakness on farm policy, civil rights, foreign economic aid, Dulles, the failure to register any significant social gains, and other embarrassments; for the Democrats, the weakness on civil rights, the failure to come up with alternative foreign-policy proposals, natural gas, Little Rock, etc.

But will defense really be the issue in November? "They say things will be better in the spring," one of 300 workers in the unemployed lineup in Passaic, New Jersey, told a reporter for *The New York Times* on January 20, "But what do we do until spring?" A majority of the economists testifying before the Congressional Joint Economic Committee expressed doubt, last week, that the pickup in defense orders would counter the current recession. Only one of the six economists on the first day's panel thought the recession would be short-lived. "We're getting very close to the danger point," one of them testified; another denied that increased defense orders would "guarantee the results the Administration so hopefully expects." Others testified that *both* a tax cut *and* heavier spending were needed to reverse the trend. Even as the parties were agreeing that defense was the issue, it begins to be clear that economic recession is moving up fast as the unagreed-upon—and disagreeable—major problem.

Defense orders, of course, have become a kind of public-works program, favored by both parties, so that a debate about defense touches obliquely on employment and related problems. Currently the Democrats, for example, want to build *more* B-52 bombers. The B-52, of course, is largely obsolete but, so the argument goes, manufacturing B-52s will create more jobs, dollar for dollar, than manufacturing missiles. Auto workers are not alone in becoming "surplus" (see page 116). Under Air Force sponsorship, electronic computer-machine tool combinations have been perfected which will drastically reduce the number of draftsmen and engineers needed in aircraft and missile construction. The first of these automatic systems is scheduled for completion early in 1958, and in the offing is a "design" machine that promises to reduce still further employment possibilities in the aircraft and missile industries.

The politicians can debate all kinds of plans to defend against perils real and imagined, but a new concern is abroad in the land and it stems from the knowledge that one out of every twenty U.S. workers is already unemployed, and worse may come. Viewing the unemployment lineup in Passaic, a factory manager told the *Times* reporter: "It carries me back to 1933 . . . We didn't have unemployment insurance . . . but we had lines like that—and people with problems like that."

Gravediggers of the South

The graves of future generations are being dug in advance in Georgia. Some time back the state constitution was amended to provide for a "private" school system, publicly financed of course, just in case the federal courts might order integration. But the master strategists who prepared this legal defense-in-depth overlooked the existence of a state compulsory school-attendance law which requires each Georgia child between the ages of seven and sixteen to attend school. If not repealed, the law might be construed to require the "private" schools to admit Negroes. Belatedly, therefore, the legislature has been asked to repeal the law and, the logic of ignorance being inexorable, it will probably comply. But a host of new problems will then confront the embattled segregationists. School attendance, it is estimated, will drop by as

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much as 25 per cent in rural areas. The number of teachers will be reduced. School construction will be curtailed. Illiteracy will increase. Georgia's share of any federal funds appropriated in aid of education may well be jeopardized. Slight wonder, then, that the suggested repeal of the compulsory-attendance law is meeting with more opposition than the original movement to amend the constitution. Teachers are furious. Social workers and church leaders are indignant. Labor is irritated. Business leaders and industrialists are anything but delighted with the prospect that now opens before them. And, of course, actual repeal of the compulsory-attendance law will produce more dissatisfaction than the debate over repeal. The South's segregationists are slowly, painfully discovering the logic of the struggle for power, namely, that having said A, they must say B and C and D, and so on through the alphabet. It's not trenches they are digging, but their children's graves.

One-Crop Dictators

In more than the usual sense, the fate of Pérez Jiménez was decreed before he was born. Juan Vincente Gomez, first of the modern Venezuelan dictators, came to power in 1906. Jiménez was a small boy when the tyrannical Gomez, in the early twenties, imposed the pattern of foreign oil-exploitation upon his small nation that has held it in bondage since. In the book *Petroleum in Venezuela,* Edwin Lieuwen recalls the "open and shameless" fraud of the deals consummated with American oil companies at the expense of the Venezuelan people. He writes:

> The dictator [Gomez] remained the idol of foreign oilmen to the very end. . . . Plainly, when the political dictator died in 1935, an economic dictator had already inherited Venezuela. Gomez' protege, the petroleum industry, was the new ruler. . . .

This distorted one-crop economy has remained Venezuela's albatross. Such profits as did not leave the country went into the pockets of the government and its friends, and to support a bloated military bureaucracy for which the country has no need. Today Venezuela's budget equals Mexico's, although it has but a fifth of the population. Visitors may be impressed with workers' buildings that have gone up in Caracas, but in the hinterland there is little to show for the vast revenues that the world's second greatest petroleum-producer has been earning. Not even the few civilian governments which Venezuela has had since 1935 have accomplished much in public works or social improvement. "The mass of the people in Venezuela today are poor, unhealthy, illiterate and live in the most primitive surroundings," writes Lieuwen. "The economy is shockingly backward."

How Jiménez, symbol of army power, could conquer the country is explained elsewhere on these pages by Waldo Frank (see page 115). The reason why the revolt against him so quickly gained public support needs no elaboration here. But the question remains: will the overthrow of Jiménez lead merely to another Jiménez, or, at long last, to something different and better? As long as the country remains under the dictatorship of a one-crop economy controlled from the outside, the outlook for democracy is not bright. Venezuela is not the only nation facing this tragic dilemma.

The Exchange of Hostages

Under the new Russian-American exchange agreement, approximately 500 Americans will visit the Soviet Union this year and the same number of Russians will visit this country. The list ranges from weightlifters and wrestlers to biochemists and composers. This is five times the number of exchanges for 1957 (not counting tourists), but it is still too small. Why not 50,000? We could finance an exchange of this magnitude simply by diverting a mere hundred million from the pampered missile-makers. The President has suggested that we should accept Russian students for a year of study whether or not the Soviets are willing to accept American students. But why should he be so cautious? Why restrict the offer to a year? And let's offer to admit Russian students at once—the more the better. Viewed as a purely educational program, the advantage to us would be clear: our aim is to impress Russians, just as their aim, no doubt, is to impress Americans.

But exchange programs need not be exclusively educational; they can be made to serve much the same purpose once served by agreements for the exchange of voluntary hostages. The ruthless use of *involuntary* hostages by the Germans in World War II has discredited the whole hostage idea, but the practice of exchanging *voluntary* hostages to guarantee fulfillment of treaty obligations was common in the Middle Ages, and proved quite successful. Admittedly it is a crude stratagem, but it provides a built-in guarantee of compliance; with such a guarantee, it is possible for two parties to negotiate even when they are divided by poisonous, mutual distrust. Today the exchange of a few prize hostages—unless they were top-ranking physicists—would not serve the purpose. What is needed is a massive exchange, sustained at a high level over a term of years, with the hostages constantly rotated. Eventually we might find it possible to abandon this pound-of-flesh sanction and proceed to bargain less grimly, with more confidence, about larger issues.

Billy Graham's Fizzle

The final results of Billy Graham's "great New York crusade," as surveyed last week by *The New York*

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Times, strikingly confirms the pre-crusade predictions in these columns of William G. McLoughlin, Jr., (see Billy Graham: In Business With the Lord, *The Nation*, May 11, 1957.) The *Times* article revealed what anyone—including ministers—who had examined the results of past big-city, high-pressure, "success-guaranteed" revivals could have known before.

The fact is that the New York churches spent $2.5 million to publicize another failure. Graham added few, if any, new members to most of the cooperating churches; and those churches which received the greatest number of accessions were already the biggest in the city. After the first month of his campaign, Graham and his team were claiming that a greater proportion of the "decisions for Christ" was being made by persons unaffiliated with any church than in any previous crusade. But the *Times* survey showed that 64 per cent of those who made "decisions" were already members of the churches to which their decision cards were referred. Thirty-six per cent may be a higher proportion of "first decisions" than Graham usually gets, but he probably would be loath to admit it. What is more, the *Times* survey indicates that most of the 36 per cent did not join the churches to which they were referred. Hence it is dubious whether more than a handful of Graham's 56,000 "converts" (or "decisions") in Madison Square Garden have been added to any church roll.

Perhaps the most amusing fact to come out of the *Times* survey was that Graham, the great exponent of neo-fundamentalism, produced more converts for Norman Vincent Peale, the great exponent of neo-modernism, than for any other pastor in New York. The fact that Graham's converts thought they would feel at home under the pastoral care of the master of positive thinking should awaken many conservatives to the obvious fact that Graham's revivalism offers them little assistance in their attempts to re-invigorate Protestant orthodoxy.

Lest Graham's supporters attempt to explain away the New York failure as an exception, interested ministers would do well to examine the results of Graham's 1955 crusade in Glasgow as surveyed by Dr. John Highet in the *British Weekly*, August 22, 1957. Highet conducted three censuses of church membership and attendance in Glasgow: one the year before Graham arrived, one a month after the crusade closed, and one a year later. He found that in the seven Protestant denominations, which contained 98 per cent of the Protestant church members in this city of 750,000, membership decreased from 203,430 in 1954 to 202,035 a month after the crusade ended, and then increased to 207,232 a year later. The church attendance, however, increased from 56,503 in 1954 to 67,078 a month after the crusade ended, and then decreased to 62,224 a year later. At best Graham could be credited with adding 3,802 new church members and 5,721 to the number of church-attenders in Glasgow. But the significant fact is that Graham claimed 52,253 decisions for Christ as a result of his Glasgow crusade, which means that only about 7 per cent of his alleged converts joined any church. It would be a good guess that if Highet were to make another survey today, he would find that both membership and attendance had decreased.

On the whole, Graham's New York crusade is about as convincing a demonstration of real religious vitality as the highly-publicized American sputnik was a demonstration of American mastery of outer space. Let a few more cold facts about the after-effects of a Graham crusade break the charm, and another episode in American revivalism will be history.

EARLY MARRIAGE . . *by William Graham Cole*

THE OPTIMUM age for marriage in any society is closely related to economic factors. All men, regardless of culture, achieve sexual maturity at approximately the same age. But there is considerable variation in the level at which social maturity (i.e., the ability to assume the responsibility for a family) is achieved. The simpler the society, the smaller is the hiatus between these two milestones of development. In Polynesia, for example, any lad who can swim, fish and climb trees for coconuts is ready for marriage, and the nuptial ceremonial customarily takes place within a few years after puberty. In our Western society, on the other hand, with its increasing demands for education and training, the gap between sexual and social maturity has widened since the industrial revolution. When American society was primarily agricultural, marriages tended to take place in the teens; during the first half of the twentieth century, the customary age pushed gradually into the early, middle and even late twenties.

Since World War II, however, there has been a clearly discernible trend, especially among the growing group of college students, to revert to early marriage. Many youths begin dating in the first stages of adolescence, "go steady" through high school and marry before their formal education has been completed. Many academic institutions,

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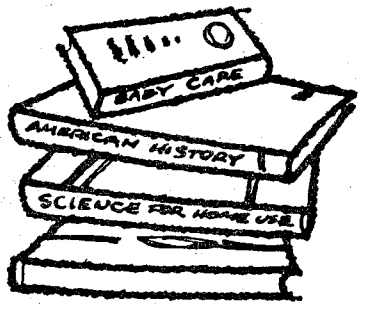
where married students were virtually unknown before 1939, are now blossoming with entire villages of newlyweds. In some quarters, this phenomenon is greeted with the shaking of graying locks and the clucking of middle-aged tongues over the ways of wayward youth. It should be emphasized, however, that no natural law governs the calendar of matrimony, and customs do change. "The heart has its reasons," and perhaps youth is wiser in matters of love than age. We who are parents have little justification in opposing the early marriage of our children simply because we didn't do it that way. And those of us who are at



all sophisticated know that emotional maturity is no respecter of birthdays; it does not arrive automatically at twenty-one or twenty-five. Some achieve it surprisingly early, while others never do in three score years and ten.

What is called for is an attempt to understand what lies behind the drive toward early marriage, and to estimate its effects both on the individuals involved and on society as a whole. Any such assessment is bound to be somewhat subjective, and what follows makes no pretense at being a detached study of statistics. It represents only the observations of one who has spent nearly twenty years working with college students on several campuses. Other observers, with similar or even greater experience, will perhaps disagree, and their *caveats* are cordially invited.

There are, it seems to me, three major factors which are relevant to the problem. The first is, broadly speaking, cultural-historical; the second is psychological, springing in large measure from the character of the family constellation; and the third is moral.

The cultural-historical factor can best be introduced by looking into a symposium called The Careful Young Men, published in the March 9, 1957, issue of this magazine. Therein, sixteen distinguished teachers on sixteen different campuses across the country commented on the present student generation. The comments from small colleges and large universities, from private institutions and public, and from North, South, East, West and the Midwest, painted a surprisingly consistent portrait. The colors were uniformly pastel; this generation of students has no heroes, embraces no causes, professes no creeds, displays no great passions. The contributors to the symposium were not guilty, for the most part, of nostalgia, of yearning for "the good old days" of their own campus capers when, in the 1920s, they revolted against Victorian prudery or, during the 1930s, paraded political passion. Almost without exception, they admitted that they could understand the tepid temperature of today's students. Some even expressed admiration for the greater measure of maturity, of hard-headed realism, which this generation displays in comparison with their own.

IF THIS portrait of collective caution on the campus is accurate, and I believe that it is, it comes as no great surprise to anyone familiar with the cultural history of the modern age. We find ourselves in a sort of vacuum of the spirit which has been some time in the making. The faith of our fathers, or perhaps more accurately of our grandfathers, incurred a fatal infection in the Age of Reason. It managed to survive the crisis of the nineteenth-century conflict between science and religion and to stagger into our own time still alive, but scarcely able to walk. The current "religious revival" is more a sociological than an intellectual or spiritual phenomenon. It is simply one more evidence of the stampede to conformity, of the search for security. People are going to church and synagogue because it is the thing to do. But by and large "the hungry sheep look up and are not fed." The multitudes who join the houses of worship today have little profound religious conviction. They are pagans with a fringe on top. Nietzsche's announcement of the death of God was a trifle premature, but God is only barely alive for the majority of our generation. Our Judeo-Christian heritage provides no real faith, no power for living to any but a very few.

The substitutes for that heritage which satisfied previous generations have likewise been weighed and found wanting. Who can believe any longer in a doctrine of inevitable progress, in the essential goodness of man, in the boundless power of reason? The cataclysms of the twentieth century have swept away all the naive faiths of the nineteenth and eighteenth. The charred bones in the ovens at Buchenwald and Dachau are mutely eloquent testimony to human depravity, and depth psychology has made us aware of the primitive beast who lurks beneath the surface in all of us. Man's conquest over nature has brought him to the brink of self-annihilation. We know that sheer power is not enough; somehow we must learn how to use it, and at the moment there seem to be no teachers available — none, at least, to whom very many of us are willing to listen. Small wonder, then, that all creeds, all programs, all missions are viewed by the younger generation with suspicion and detachment. Small wonder that they are unwilling to leap before they look. They are the heirs of generations that loved unwisely and too well, who flung themselves at the stars and got hurt. They prefer to keep their feet on the ground.

ONE OTHER IDOL of the American past has been found by today's young to have feet of clay: the gospel of work. Previous generations looked for fulfillment and meaning in a job, whether it was as butcher, baker or doctor. The Protestant ethos of the sanctity of labor blended happily with the American dream, and men readily achieved a sense of selfhood and identity in office or shop or field. Life took on meaning and direction in earning one's livelihood, in working long and hard to better one's status and to boost one's chil-

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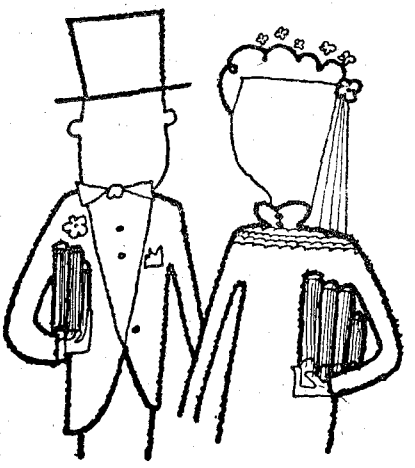
dren a rung or two higher on the ladder to success. But today's generation has little sense of vocation, little eagerness to enter the highly competitive and obviously insecure "rat-race" of business, whose hazards have been so eloquently enumerated by William Whyte and David Reisman, so dramatically symbolized in such works as *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* and *Death of A Salesman*. The *sine qua non* of success, according to the editors of *Fortune*, is willingness to sacrifice oneself on the altar of the corporation. The prospect is not beguiling for many young men.

NOW WHAT has all of this to do with early marriages? Simply this: the one remaining locus of meaning in life seems to be the home. The real goal of young men and women in the mid-twentieth century is to find the right mate, to make a good marriage and to rear happy and well-adjusted children. Few college students today are able to project any consistent adult image of themselves in vocational terms. They are rather at a loss to know what they will do to earn a living. But they *can* imagine themselves as husbands and wives, as parents. Arnold Toynbee has suggested that as the demands of military security and technological production increasingly reduce individual freedom in the years that lie ahead, it may be that man will once more turn to religion as a realm where the state can allow a certain latitude. Religion may serve as the escape valve of the twenty-first century as science did in the fifteenth and sixteenth. Today, however, the young generation views the *family* as an escape from the increasingly totalitarian demands of business and profession. Here, with the right mate, a man can be himself, delivered from the compulsion to conformity, the perils of depersonalization, the emptiness of Babbittry. The old saw about a man's home being his castle takes on new meaning.

If, then, marriage is man's chief end in life, the sooner it is entered, the better. And the precarious state of contemporary existence lends a note of urgency to the whole enter-



prise of self-fulfillment. There is a kind of "gather ye rosebuds while ye may" philosophy involved here, although for the most part it is unconscious and unverbalized. In these days of intercontinental ballistic missiles, and the ominous possibilities of radioactive fall-out, who knows how much time any of us has left? Therefore, the strong inclination to make the most of our borrowed time is thoroughly understandable.

THE SECOND factor I have called psychological. It stems largely from the lack of satisfying relationships in present-day homes of upper middle-class status. Anyone doing extensive counseling with college students today is repeatedly struck by the existence of tensions between student and parents. The tensions generally spring from one of two sources: either the parents are remote and apparently indifferent ("I can't talk to my father"), or they are over-protective and over-demanding ("My parents won't let me grow up"). This generation of college students was raised "by the book," or perhaps more accurately, "by the magazine article," and their parents have lived almost constantly with anxiety lest they do or say the wrong thing. These days, when a problem arises with a student, the dean or the faculty adviser frequently participates in a painful and embarrassing interview with one or both parents, who feel guilty and personally responsible. There is considerable apology and insecurity in parental confidences to teachers about their children. There is little spontaneity and genuine, human warmth; a note of artificiality in many family relationships renders them hollow and unsatisfactory.

In the more fashionable and more expensive institutions of higher learning, one meets the products of suburbia and exurbia in large numbers. These present special problems. Their parents contribute generously to the statistics on divorce and remarriage; when this has happened, deep and abiding emotional scars are left on the young. In addition, the exurbanite father is likely to have spent the early years of his marriage "on the make," working long hours and sacrificing leisure time in the struggle for advancement. Usually the result is a certain distance between the breadwinner and the other members of the household. Occasionally the mother compensates, or even over-compensates, for an absentee father; but sometimes she, too, becomes involved in cultivating social contacts, leaving the children to the care of servants or baby-sitters.

A modicum of tensions between the generations is a normal part of the developmental process, at least in Western civilization. The young strain toward adulthood and independence, while the middle-aged loosen the leash with reluctance. But one gets the impression that today's tensions are beyond "normal" limits (whatever these may be). At any rate, the tensions are such as to prompt children to seek parent-substitutes. And the substitutes are sought not, as in former times, in the person of teachers (since all adults are suspect), but in dating partners, who assume the role of parent-confidant-confessor-arbiter. All secrets are shared, all hopes and fears aired, all actions and ambitions submitted for approval. The pattern of sporadic and casual dating characteristic of earlier eras cannot satisfy present needs, for those relationships were superficial. When the family constellation provides security, the children can afford to stay away from emotional involvement with their peers and are satisfied "to play the field." But where the family provides no emotional security, the need for some deep attachment outside the home becomes imperative.

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Hence, going steady becomes the pattern at an early stage. The importance of the partner, in such an instance, becomes readily apparent when a liaison breaks up. The emotional effects are traumatic, and the victim often rebounds quickly into a new attachment. He — or she — cannot stand to be alone. Thus, the frustration of basic needs in the home of one's parents becomes the basis for a powerful desire to establish a home of one's own as early as possible. In those whose own homes have failed them, there is almost always a fierce desire to provide for their children what they themselves were denied.

THE THIRD FACTOR leading to the increase in early marriages is the moral one, which can be stated briefly. Dr. Kinsey has pointed out that, among males, the higher the level of education the lower the incidence of premarital intercourse. The figures vary slightly for women, but Kinsey's second volume is based upon a far less representative sampling, and is open to question at many points.

There is, among very many college men, widespread talk which would lead the casual listener to believe that virginity was virtually non-existent. But most of this is talk of the order of the penitent who was cautioned by his confessor that he was not confessing but bragging. The appearance of having had sexual experience is in contemporary society essential to both masculinity and maturity, two highly prized attributes. More careful investigation reveals that, in general, our college students are far more virtuous than they appear.

To be sure, the virginity is largely technical, since many of them have enjoyed all of the preliminaries of the sexual act, stopping short only of completion. College students recognize the dangers of conception, and are likely to avoid the risks. Sometimes the petting arouses passions which cannot be controlled, and the strongest resolutions are swept aside. This can lead, among girls, to a delayed menstrual period; the consequent anguish and terror in both boy and girl rebuilds the walls of resolution. But the desire does not abate, and early marriage offers a happy solution. Now the conscience no longer troubles; society ceases to frown; and if pregnancy should result, no moral stigma is attached, though economic problems may loom large.

THE DIAGNOSIS now completed, it remains only to say a few words by way of prognosis. The only factor apt to change in the immediate future is the moral one, which may be strongly affected if a foolproof contraceptive device should be developed. As to the other factors, there are few signs of a more secure world, of a viable faith or center of meaning, and equally few indications of any basic improvement in the structure of the American home.

On the positive side, one must—as did the contributors to the symposium on The Careful Young Men—admire the honesty and integrity of our students in refusing to settle for second-hand solutions to the human predicament. They are far from cynical, and certainly they are curious, ready to listen, even eager for some world-view they can make their own. There is a clear interest in religion, as evidenced by enrollment in courses, attendance at conferences, lectures, etc. They will hear the salesman out even if they do not buy his product. The contemporary campus is reminiscent of the comment in the Book of Acts about the citizens of Athens: "For all the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing." Anyone who has a sensible and sincere faith to proclaim will find an audience among college students. Certainly there are worse goals in life than the desire to make a happy and satisfying home and to raise children who are loved and cared for by their parents. Insofar as this trend represents disillusionment with the worship of what William James called the "American bitch-goddess, success," one can only approve and seek to strengthen it. The values of suburbia are being rejected as superficial, and something far more substantial is being sought. Mere affluence and creature comforts are poor substitutes for satisfying personal relationships, especially within one's own family. The moral responsibility of today's students compares favorably with the irresponsibility of the "flaming youth" of the twenties. They want freedom, but they do not confuse liberty and license. They are lax by Victorian standards, but far less Bohemian than their counterparts of the years immediately following World War I. They want sexual outlet, but in marriage, not outside of it.

HAVING SAID all this, however, one must raise some grave questions. To begin with, many students are marrying as an escape not only from an unsatisfying home life, but from their own personal problems of isolation and loneliness. And it can almost be put down as a dictum that any marriage entered into as an escape cannot prove entirely successful. The sad fact is that marriage seldom solves one's problems; more often, it merely accentuates them. Furthermore, it is doubtful whether the home as an institution is capable of carrying all that the young are seeking to put into it; one might say, in theological terms, that they are forsaking one idol only to worship another. They correctly understand that their parents are wrong in believing that "success" is the ultimate good, but they erroneously believe that they themselves have found the true center of life's meaning. Their expectations of marriage are essentially utopian and therefore incapable of fulfillment. They want too much, and tragic disillusionment is often bound to follow.

Shall we, then, join the chorus of *misereres* over early marriages? One cannot generalize: all early marriages are not bad any more than all later ones are good. Satisfactory marriages are determined not by chronology, but by the emotional maturity of the partners. Therefore, each case must be judged on its own merits. If the early marriage is not an escape, if it is entered with relatively few illusions or false expectations, and if it is economically feasible, why not? Good marriages can be made from sixteen to sixty, and so can bad ones.

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VENEZUELA: Hour of Promise . . *by Waldo Frank*

THE DICTATORSHIP in Venezuela has been broken by the people and by the students of Venezuela; and all Americans are glad, although the price was bloodshed, and the tyranny of nearly a decade has caused irreparable suffering and loss. The horizons of South America (as distinct from those of Central America and the Caribbean area) are clearer than they have ever been. In the last two years, the peoples of four major republics have risen against military regimes as cruel as they were clumsy and inefficient; today, with the exception of General Stroessner (a Perón hang-over) in little Paraguay, every one of South America's states is being governed not by the sword of a military clique but by groups of men devoted to the proposition that the Americas shall be the home of free peoples—that *this* is the "new world" yet to be realized, with the way to it yet to be discovered.

Therefore this is indeed a time for rejoicing. But far more, it is a time for sober analysis and for creative planning. Pérez Jimenez is "out"; men of good will are "in," with few exceptions, from Mexico to Argentina. The people everywhere are learning that military juntas make bad masters, and are daring to express what they know against the guns of corruption. But the problem of building a workable democratic system for nations as complex ethnically, economically, culturally as America Hispana, is still unsolved; not a single one of the basic questions has been practicably answered.

As we welcome the return of the sun in Caracas, after Bogotá, Lima, Buenos Aires, let us therefore ask ourselves why for so long the sun has been hidden? What was wrong in Colombia, causing the people of Bogatá in 1948 to rise in hate against their government only to sink at once into the grip of a worse one? What ignorance allowed brilliant liberals such as Presidents Romulo Betancourt and Romulo Gallegos of Venezuela to be trapped and destroyed by a group of willful soldiers? How for so many years, could conscious groups like the labor unions of Argentina be fooled by a demagogue and a charlatan, Perón and his theatrical Eva? Why were the people of all these countries, when they had elected legitimate representatives, unable to safeguard them? Unless such questions can be answered, the present promising hour in America Hispana will soon cloud over again. And before such questions can be answered, they must be stated.

THE PROBLEM is one, of course, which some of us have studied for many years; in this brief space I can do no more than name some of its principal facets.

1. The overwhelming complexity, ethnic and cultural, of the Hispano-American peoples, their geography, their intricate political past, make it clear why political-economic programs could not succeed which romantically imitated United States institutions whose sources and conditions were far simpler and quite distinct. The problem for America Hispana has been complicated even more by the world storms of the twentieth century, which imperiled the leisurely, organic growth of the Hispanic peoples, and by the huge magnetic field laid over the whole hemisphere by the United States—a force which has distorted the rest of America's normal gropings toward indigenous economic and political forms.

2. Democratic government rests on a balance of stabilized and self-conscious classes. Such classes have not been able as yet to mature in America Hispana. Business has been hampered by residual feudalism and overpowered by the North. Labor has been undeveloped and intellectually immature, not so much in theories as in practice. The peasant often belongs to a culture distinct from the industrial and middle classes. These factors have made for a cumulative chaos, a weakness which left the military class as the one stable element, the one possible dominant over general disorder. The strength of the army therefore has lain in the structural immaturity of the new producing classes, together with the decadence of the older social forces: the landowners and the church hierarchy. And this strength of the army has been one which, feeding on weakness, perpetuates weakness even in itself.

3. The immediate cause of all Latin American dictatorship has been the army; the immediate beneficiary has been the army and its allies—among which American Big Business must be counted. These armies have not been needed for national defense. They have been turned, by ambitious and corrupt men, *against* the people. And the United States, professing to strengthen the hemisphere against communism (a threat that is non-existent), with more stupidity than malice has helped the tyrants to seize and to hold power against the people.

4. The republics of America Hispana need no army beyond a normal police equipped with weapons for preserving civil order. To give them tanks and planes is as suspect as it would be to arm the traffic police

Great Day in Venezuela

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of our cities with long-range atomic guns. This is a point I have made many times, and it has not enhanced my popularity with the national egos. I repeat it. During most of the nineteenth century, the United States relied largely for its defense on the British Navy; we had little more than a "token" armed force. In consequence, our military had no power; and—most important of all—we were solvent and free to invest our wealth not on obsolescent military establishments, but on rails and roads, on schools, on industries and the clearing of forests. America Hispana, with its lethally overloaded armies, is missing the chance that history now gives it to put its resources to work. If it does not profit by this blessing of circumstance to get rid of the huge economic burden and of the political threat of an armed officer class, its opportunity to share in the forming of a new world will have been missed forever.

5. I have said that the power of the army in the typical Hispanic republic is matriced in the weakness of the producing classes. Is it not futile, therefore, frontally to attack the army, which will presumably retain its comparative strength as long as the other groups are unstable and weak? In a social organism, no growth or change is unilateral or simple. The economic classes in America Hispana are rapidly forming: semi-colonialism dwindles; labor becomes conscious; business aspires to independence; farmer and peasant are in deepening contact with the city, the university, the cultural forces. All this is healthy. And it has produced moments of health before this: in Mexico, in Venezuela, in Brazil and Argentina. But while this sound young life struggled to establish itself, the armies were there, holding and spreading their baleful grasp; watching for the moment of weakness or confusion to strike—as they struck against Gallegos in Venezuela, against Irigoyen in Argentina, against Haya de la Torre in Peru. Therefore, the army must be frontally attacked. This is particularly the task of the younger generation—above all, of the school, university and labor union, and of the uncorrupted lower clergy. While the theory of the "national army" is refuted, the economic classes must be nurtured to stability. And even the younger echelons of army officers can be won over.

THERE ARE indeed signs, as in Venezuela today, in Colombia yesterday, that this re-education of the military is under way. Soldiers in more than one instance have made themselves leaders of the theory of civil power. Lázaro Cárdenas of Mexico is one illustrious example.

There must be no delay. In every organic being, there is a time for growth. Neglected, it vanishes forever. The world is a storm of pressures upon America Hispana, threatening to blow the separate republics out of their true orbit. This is a force, if utilized in time, to help integrate the nations; if not, it will assist their disintegration. The republics must move toward economic union, toward some form of political federation which will render them strong yet keep them free. If the intelligentsia, cultivating their contacts with farmer and worker, make this destiny of America Hispana vivid and urgent, the archaic dictatorship of soldiers will be exposed; the psychological acceptance of this kind of regime which still persists from the past will be gone forever.

During the next months, groups of men over a vast territory will convene in their capital cities to study new methods for expressing and channeling the dynamic impulse which sent the students of Caracas, the workers of other lands, into the street against the venal guns of officers and bureaucrats. The "hundred years" of preparatory chaos, which Bolivar predicted, have past. They will give way to the beginning of national greatness for America Hispana or to definitive failure.

Detroit: The Day the Job Stopped . . *by B. J. Widick*

Detroit

THE RESTLESS NIGHT ends when the alarm clock rings at a quarter to six and its harsh sound breaks the uneasy sleep. Friday has arrived and in a few hours all the rumors and fearful questions will be replaced by the plain facts. Today, as everyone in the shop knows, events will answer the question plaguing him: who gets laid off?

On the bus, the quiet, tired faces tell you that others haven't slept too well, either. There is little joking or jostling among the young workers. They know already. The older workers are still uncertain. Although the older men seldom say much—who likes to talk at an early hour?—today they seem even more reticent than usual.

In the factory, groups of workers, men and women, colored and white, cluster around the bulletin board where the seniority lists are posted. Someone asks the question which is preoccupying everyone's mind: "I wonder how far back they will go?"

The union has informed its membership that ten-year-seniority men might be affected—but (it was a big BUT) management has frequently changed its policies. Since the first rumor about a layoff started three weeks ago, anxiety and tension have increased daily. It has been difficult for the workers to listen to the union's plea, "We will have to wait and see." Now the plant seems almost relaxed. The waiting is over. Soon we will see.

It doesn't take long after the work whistle blows and the giant assembly lines begin their endless motion before the foremen pass out the week-

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ly pay checks and in some cases the layoff slips. This is a blunder. The entire plant was given notice of layoffs twenty-four hours in advance, as specified in the union contract, but no layoff slips were supposed to be given out until mid-afternoon.

As a union official, you knew why the layoffs were coming—and their special nature. But how could you tell the people, already wearied by bad news since the '59 model had gone into production? "It looks like a bad year for autos. . . . We're headed for a recession. . . . That means short work weeks and more fights with the company on work standards." You were as tired of giving bad news as they were of receiving it. Could you tell them, in advance, that this layoff was different from those in the 1948 or 1954 recession, or those that normally occurred between model changeovers? This time, as you had learned, the badges were being taken away and the laid-off people cleared from the rolls. When the rank and file learned that, they would grasp the terrible significance of what was happening to them. They would know that once they left the plant, they would be lucky ever to see the inside of it again. Even if the 1959 models sold well next winter, only some of them would be called back—and that would be in December at the earliest. And today is January 17. Few could expect to find work in other shops, for the papers said that 120,000 workers in this area, mainly from the auto industry, were already drawing unemployment checks and in some cases supplementary unemployment benefits.

PATIENCE HAS its limits, and neither the foremen who must give out the layoff slips, nor the men who expect them, can wait. In spite of orders, by 9:30 in the morning the whole plant has the full facts. It seems that everyone with less than eleven years' seniority is being laid off and their badges taken away. Is it just your imagination that the assembly line seems inordinately quiet, despite the clang and rattle of machinery? Can a busy auto plant feel like a funeral home? It seems so.

After the early morning conference with plant officials, it is time for the chief stewards to make the rounds and check manpower, work loads, correct mistakes in the pay-checks and answer questions. Ordinarily this is a matter of routine. But today the chief stewards have to force themselves to make their rounds. What can they say at a time like this? Who among them can answer the question they know is on the lips of all who are laid off: "What's going to happen to me?"

Sam, the young Negro militant with nine years' seniority, is the first to hail you. With a wife and three kids to support, he has barely spoken to anyone for three years. Now he asks: "What's this about the missile plant? Any jobs there?" The reply: "We've been told it is mainly for skilled and semi-skilled workers. Sorry, you'd have a tough time getting a job there." He stands for a minute and then says, "I know I won't be coming back here." What do you say? What does he do?

As you walk along the assembly line, you notice how few people turn around and say, "What's the news?" But "old man" Guy stops you. He is fifty-four, fortunate to get hired during the Korean war. Guy says, "I knew it was coming, chief, but I'm not as bad off as some. Just got myself now. My wife died and my son has grown up." He shakes his head. "I don't understand what the folks with kids are going to do." In a moment like this a lonely man thinks of others. It isn't very easy for him to do so, for who will hire a man in his forties, let alone in his fifties?

Karl, the big cushion man, is next. He had a job at Hudson's after

spending four years in the army and had accumulated five years' seniority by the time that plant folded. He started working in this plant at the age of thirty-five. Each year that passed made him feel more secure; by now he had accumulated nine years' seniority. Suddenly, seniority and security are both fading away. "It looks bad, doesn't it? I guess I won't be back." You nod and shake hands. He wishes you luck. What can you wish him?

There is no point in going back upstairs and seeing the gang on the second floor. Yesterday it was almost impossible to get away from them. They are young and bitter and full of hate. They are ready to take it out on everyone, including the chief steward, for he symbolizes the union and they are sore at the union "because it ain't doing anything." You learn the hard way that you can't argue against the feeling of doom and bitterness. But you wonder what will happen to the young widow with the two kids who had made a remark at the time of the 1954 layoff that you never forgot. She was a very nice person. "Don't worry about me. A good-looking babe always makes out."

One more individual stands out in your mind, an ambitious, self-educated man about thirty who had been hired in 1948. He had always seemed to get a bad break. First, he had a car wreck which hurt him financially. Then his father lost his job at Packard and never worked since that time. And now Russ was going to join the unemployed. What advice could you give him?

More questions loom in your own mind. How will these people pay their full Blue Cross, which is close to $14, without the help of the union-company plan? How does it feel to lose ten years of pension rights after spending 103 days on strike to obtain the pension? How does it feel to be without health or life insurance? It will be only a matter of a few months before all these benefits automatically cease, once you are off the payroll. In these times, union gains seem to be built on quicksand.

A red-faced general foreman breaks into your thoughts. He is boiling mad. "Are you guys going to let them

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get away with it? Isn't the union going to stop this? How far can they go?" These sharp words startle you, since he was once a very tough bargainer for management, taking pride in being a strong company man. Now he is slated for "voluntary retirement" and has turned into a shivering jellyfish. In the plant there are many like him, and you can easily tell who in supervision is getting the axe. The story is written on their faces. Even in the higher echelons, the old-line production men are being squeezed out, for the cutback is from top to bottom. Most are too well disciplined to speak what they think. They shake their heads sadly and tell you, "I never saw anything like this."

The mood of despair spreads throughout the plant. It is visible, at lunch time, in the company cafeteria and at the food wagons in the plant. Despair—and embarrassment. How do you eat your last meal together and say goodby in these circumstances? How does one fight the depression psychosis that has left its permanent stamp on the mentality of the auto worker?

Production begins to slow down after lunch; by mid-afternoon it is falling way behind. Who cares? One bright young man does. He is part of the crew from Central Office which is performing the cutback operation. These are the men who determined the size of the cut; they had analyzed the losses of efficiency; they were determined that this plant would be a well-paying, profitable factory. You study him for a moment. You notice that the mood of the shop escapes him entirely. The problems of its people, in management and on the line, simply do not exist for him. Cutting costs is his job and he is very good at it. He has no qualms about the human cost, since it isn't anything that he was taught in engineering school. When he talks to a production superintendent, his contempt for the man is barely hidden. As he turns to leave, the hatred of the production man for him is visible.

Finally the day ends at 3:15 when the line stops and the workers punch out. In five minutes the huge factory is as silent as a graveyard. You deliberately wait until everyone has gone and then turn back and look at the long, quiet line. You think of how it will be on Monday when new production standards go into effect, and something that Harvey Swados wrote comes back to mind. That night you look it up in the August 17, 1957, *Nation*. In his moving description of life in an auto factory, Swados wrote:

> Almost without exception the men with whom I worked on the assembly line last year felt like trapped animals. Depending on their age and personal circumstances, they were either resigned to their fate, furiously angry at themselves for what they were doing, or desperately hunting other work that would pay as well and in addition offer some variety, some prospect of change, some betterment.
>
> They were sick of being pushed around by harried foremen (themselves more pitied than hated), sick of working like blinkered donkeys, sick of being dependent for their livelihood on a maniacal production merchandising set-up, sick of working in a place where there was no spot to relax during the twelve-minute rest period.

Who is worse off—the 2,000 men and women who walked out of the plant with fear in their hearts over the future, or the 5,000 who remained to face the degrading and brutalizing work that Swados portrayed so well? Whose is the greater tragedy, those who can't live the life of quiet desperation, or those who can?

Rebuilding Cities—and Politics . . *by Jeanne R. Lowe*

A STRANGE and promising phenomenon is taking place on the municipal scene. In the need for a broad attack on the nation-wide problem of urban decay, local politicians have found a great new vote-catching issue which has the support of major business interests and the approval of social-minded citizens.

Urban renewal, as the new concept is called, has brought into being a powerful new alignment of city forces and produced some interesting changes in municipal politics. The program gives the disenfranchised businessman who commutes from the suburbs a policy-making role at City Hall, neutralizes the political pressures of special-interest groups and elevates the strong, partisan mayor who espouses it into a position of statesmanship, above party strife.

Exhibit A of the new style of municipal politics at work is the city of Pittsburgh, where David L. Lawrence, dean of the "redevelopment" mayors, was returned to office last fall for his fourth term with the largest plurality in his career. In the dynamic "new Pittsburgh," the voters could plainly see the record of twelve years of extraordinary accomplishment: a galaxy of downtown skyscrapers sparkling in smog-free air, hundred-year-old slums under clearance, a handsome new airport, new bridges and expressways, an expanding university, plans for a great new civic auditorium, $1 billion worth of industrial expansion. In all, a fitting monument to a new kind of big-city boss.

When Lawrence first ran for office in 1945, however, he was seeking the keys of a dying city. Soot was so heavy in the air that office lights were turned on at noon and housewives had to wash their window curtains daily. Assessed valuations in the Golden Triangle, vital core of the city's tax base, had been declining at an average of $10 million a year for the past decade, and big

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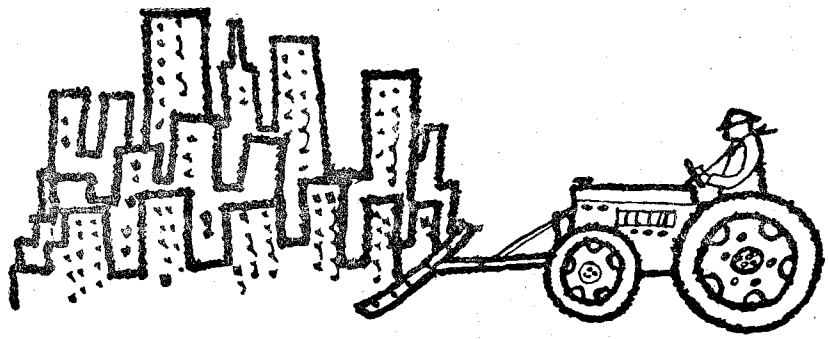
steel was pulling up its stakes. The big industries that remained could not attract executive talent willing to live in Pittsburgh. Even the wife of Richard Mellon, the city's most powerful businessman, had declared, so the story goes, that she would not stay in their grimy hometown. Community improvement efforts were stymied by quarrels among competing pressure groups.



There was one hopeful sign, though. In 1944, the new generation of Pittsburgh's industrial leaders, sparked by banker Mellon, had formed the Allegheny Conference on Community Development, dedicated to reversing the city's downward trend. The conference engaged skilled technicians who formulated a comprehensive program, but its execution required the exercise of public powers emanating from City Hall. The industrial leaders found an unexpected and willing ally in the Democratic state leader who had just been elected to the mayoralty, and they were astonished to discover that his political skill could further their civic-improvement plans.

Lawrence, who needed to overcome the reputation of political boss and the stigma of indictment charges falsely leveled against him when he was secretary of the Commonwealth, had run for the mayoralty on a new kind of platform. What Pittsburgh needed, he had declared, was leadership, not just management. The voters seemed to agree, and gave him a much more comfortable margin than his Democratic predecessor, who had just squeaked through.

But when the new Mayor proceeded to carry out his promises and helped expedite the sweeping development program of the conference, rival fellow Democrats cried "sell-out!" Certainly, Lawrence's alliance with the industrialists was a radical departure from depression-day politics, when denunciations of the Mellons and the Pennsylvania Manufacturing Association were the mainstay of every Pittsburgh Democratic politician's repertoire.

However, the new alignment was what the tired old city needed. Lawrence used the power of his public office to enforce an unpopular smoke-control ordinance and the conference, in turn, helped beat down a threatened boycott of the city by coal suppliers and railroad interests. The conference asked the Equitable Life Assurance Society to finance the redevelopment of a fire-ravaged area, covering twenty-three acres, near the downtown business district, and the Mayor set up a new municipal authority to condemn and acquire blighted land for commercial redevelopment by private enterprise.

But Lawrence, powerful as he was, hesitated when the conference leaders suggested that he name himself chairman of this new redevelopment agency. However, when the conference got the Chamber of Commerce to advocate the unorthodox appointment, and the three Pittsburgh newspapers gave it their blessing, Lawrence could not refuse. For his vice chairman, he appointed Richard Mellon's right-hand man, Arthur Van Buskirk, who was a member of the Republican Party's national war chest, the Allegheny County Republican Finance Committee.

Under these circumstances, it was no surprise that, in the Democratic primaries of 1949, Lawrence's leadership should be challenged by a self-described candidate of the "little man." He accused the Mayor of sleeping with the Republicans, oppressing the poor people with costly smoke-control regulations, and siding against labor in a power strike. There was an unprecedented turnout in the party primaries that year, but Lawrence won handily and went on to carry the city by a plurality nearly four times greater than on his first try.

What has been accomplished by the powerful Lawrence-Allegheny Conference coalition, working with other public agencies and civic groups, has become almost an American legend. Delegations from 300 cities in this country and abroad have made the pilgrimage to this redevelopment Mecca.

MUNICIPAL representatives are now beginning to flock to another community, the rejuvenated city of New Haven, Connecticut, where they can find another excellent example of the new style of politics at work.

A few years ago, this old New England community was suffering from a bad case of typical urban illness: middle-income residents fleeing to the suburbs, shopping centers drawing business away from an outmoded downtown center, traffic parking snarls, a deteriorating tax base, the spreading of slums and residential blight—and a public steeped in apathy. Sporadic efforts of business groups to do something found little support from the city's part-time mayors or from the economy-obsessed publisher of the city's two newspapers.

New Haven had no crisis like Pittsburgh's choking smog to rouse it, nor industrial and financial giants like the Mellons, Alcoa and Equitable Life to finance initial redevelopment projects. What it did have in 1953 was a shrewd and forceful young mayoralty candidate, Richard C. Lee, who recognized both the political potential and the risks of urban renewal, and knew how to organize community forces to support this radical cure. As a result of the bold, new program he has pushed for the last four years, the city's worst slum area is gone, $150 million of rebuilding is scheduled or in the works, and faith in the city's future has replaced resignation.

Lee, a twice-defeated candidate for mayor who finally gained office

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when he ran on the urban-renewal issue, has just been re-elected to his third term with the largest plurality any mayor has won in the history of Connecticut. The bipartisan city Board of Finance recently voted him a second salary increase to $18,000 a year—more than the governor of the state earns. His own Democratic Party is so impressed by his vote-getting ability that he is their number one choice for the Senatorial nomination this year.

Albert M. Cole, administrator of the federal-housing program, has called New Haven's comprehensive urban-renewal plan "a model for the cities of America," and many mayoralty candidates in neighboring New England communities, who used New Haven as their model in last fall's campaigns, rode the redevelopment horse to victory.

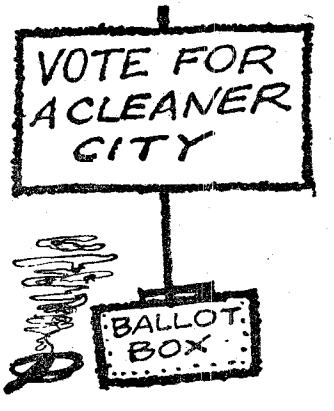
But when Lee took office in 1954 and tried to enlist leading New Haven businessmen into a nonpartisan Citizens Action Commission, he met with skepticism and resistance. Persisting, he gradually convinced some influential citizens that slums were throttling the city's economy and that the federally-assisted redevelopment program could prove the cure. Carl Freese, a bank president who lived in suburban Hamden but made his living in the heart of downtown New Haven, agreed to serve as chairman of the Citizens Action Commission. Together they recruited its executive committee, a cross-section of the most powerful community interests—financial, industrial, retail, labor, religious, social welfare and education.

This privately-financed "citizen cabinet" meets monthly in the Mayor's office to make plans and review progress. Where united community support must be shown, the members carry the ball publicly. When Republican influence is needed in the state capital, they lobby for the New Haven program at Hartford, and if private persuasion of business interests is needed, they can be counted on, too.

As a second step, the C.A.C. and Lee created a 600-member commission representing all segments of the community. So carefully composed was it that, as the C.A.C. president has said, "If anyone throws a rock at the program, they're bound to hit one of their own. We neutralized the opposition so that we could get on with the main job of rebuilding New Haven."

The new program moved slowly, though, and two years later, when Lee had to run for re-election, all he could show for the much-publicized Oak Street project—his most ambitious up to that point—were plans and models for redevelopment; the deficit-producing slum still stood. However, a week before Election Day, final Washington approval came through and eight-column headlines announced a $6,651,765 federal loan and grant for Oak Street's clearance.

Lee won a record-making plurality that fall, and if any of the Democratic aldermen (the office is unpaid in New Haven), who had seen patronage jobs cut from the city payroll and out-of-town technicians brought in for the new program, questioned how they benefited, their doubts were dispelled by the election results. Thirty-one of the thirty-three wards sent Democrats to the Board of Aldermen. And by the time of this year's election, the results were visible for all to see—a $10 million office building which the Southern New England Telephone Company is constructing on the site of the vanished slum, and a $10 million expressway the State Highway Department is laying as part of daring and comprehensive plans for revitalizing the city's commercial heart. Four out-of-town developers, attracted by the new atmosphere in New Haven, bid against each other for the contract to build the new apartment houses which will soon rise in the Oak Street area. The winner paid over $1,000,000 for the land.



At a C.A.C. luncheon in June, an $85 million plan for center-city rebuilding was made public jointly by Mayor Lee and the commission's new chairman, Lucius Rowe, president of the telephone company. Although some merchants who will be displaced fought the plan and Lee's opponents took pot shots at the methods, cost and pace of the redevelopment program, they got nowhere. "My interest," the Mayor said, "is in the good of New Haven." The voters, as the election returns showed, agreed.

IN LABOR-STRONG Newark, New Jersey, another city where the new phenomenon has appeared, the Economic Development Committee, comprising eighteen top business and labor leaders appointed by the Democratic Mayor, Leo P. Carlin, and headed by the president of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, meets monthly in City Hall. There, with the Mayor (a former president of a Teamsters Union local) the group hammers out a many-pronged program for the city's revitalization.

In the center of Newark a dozen new buildings are up or under construction, all of them started since Mayor Carlin took office. There are new parking facilities and some of the city's worst slums are being cleared. A new $3,000,000 YW-YMCA structure has been completed; a $15 million medical center is in operation; middle-income apartments will soon be erected in the downtown area; and, in peripheral areas within the city limits, swamp land is being reclaimed for new industry. The City Council passed a housing code to force rehabilitation of salvageable but sub-standard homes, and in the Newark Museum is a panoramic preview (paid for by private business) of the new face the city hopes to have in 1966, the 300th anniversary of its founding.

Five years ago, though, it seemed that no force could reverse Newark's decline. "Nobody" lived in Newark, and while new plants and office buildings mushroomed in the suburbs, none went up in town. Rising taxes increasingly burdened the remaining businesses. Despite the ob-

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vious advantages of a downtown location, the Mutual Benefit and Prudential Life insurance companies, the city's major employers, had taken options on suburban sites for their new office buildings.

Meanwhile, at City Hall, the five commissioners who then governed the community were busy with their individual empires. Responsibility for the various city departments was divided among them; there was no one to take the city-wide view.

A new municipal alignment was forged in a drive to replace this inefficient and graft-ridden "five-mayor" system with a strong mayor-city council form of government. The drive began in late 1952, when leaders of the state Americans for Democratic Action and the local C.I.O. joined in support of municipal charter reform. Their cause won the support of the local newspapers and of such businessmen as W. Paul Stillman, a bank president and chairman of Mutual Benefit. A citizens' committee for better government was revived and also helped.

Carlin, then a city commissioner, introduced a resolution for charter study which was turned down. But the reformers collected enough petition-signatures to have the question submitted to popular referendum that spring. Despite a well-financed opposition, the reformers won, and Carlin, the one commissioner who had supported them from the start, was elected Mayor in the spring of 1954. Unlike most cities, however, where a reform coalition dissolves once its goal is realized, in Newark the new grouping held together. It still had the long-range job of making urban renewal work.

The sudden stemming of the business tide to suburbia and the start of the downtown building boom swung on a dramatic decision by Paul Stillman of Mutual Benefit. Taking a reading of the new political climate, he persuaded Mutual's building committee of the wisdom of relocating downtown. He then called in a group of fourteen top businessmen to announce that the company had canceled its suburban option and would invest $20 million on a center-city building program. Prudential, which had also given its backing to charter reform, joined Mutual and announced its own plans for a mammoth downtown project.

Taking the advice of business and civic leaders, the Mayor appointed the Economic Development Committee, which works closely with city departments as well as with the independent, metropolitan - minded Greater Newark Development Council. He also transformed a citizens' committee for neighborhood rehabilitation into an official municipal commission. Last spring the Sales Executive Club of Northern New Jersey named Mayor Carlin its "New Jersey Business Statesman of the Year"—the first time the award has been given to a politician.

THE NEW PATTERN, with variations, is emerging in other cities. In St. Louis, business cooperates with municipal government through an organization called Civic Progress, Inc., which Mayor Raymond R. Tucker appointed when he took office in 1953. This group of twenty industrialists, representing $6 billion and employing 250,000 workers, sold the public on a politically unpopular "earnings tax" and a $110 million bond issue to pay for long overdue municipal improvements. Mayor Tucker was re-elected by a record majority last spring. In Cleveland, Mayor Celebrezze has the assistance of the Cleveland Development Foundation and a $2 million revolving fund put up by fifty major industrialists to keep his slum-clearance program from bogging down. And in Philadelphia, where citizens' organizations have long concerned themselves with better housing and city planning, big business is now participating in Mayor Dilworth's redevelopment program with a $250 million plan for improving the city's center.

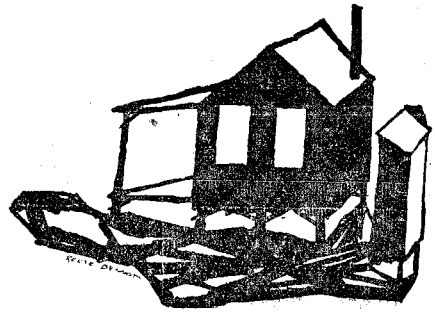
But it should be noted that the urban-renewal issue is not always good politics. In Detroit, where racial tensions make housing an explosive subject, the issue of slum clearance was noticeably played down in last fall's mayoralty campaign. In St. Louis, the efforts of Civic Progress, Inc., and Mayor Tucker to sell a new city charter, urgently needed for urban-renewal progress, were defeated by the combined opposition of labor, the NAACP and ward aldermen. They feared reduction of their influence in city affairs.

Critics can point out that redevelopment has failed to meet the urgent housing needs of middle-income and minority groups, and has actually increased the shortage of urban homes. Even its staunchest proponents agree that urban renewal is an imperfect approach, and that many city problems can be met only on a metropolitan basis.

Yet there are hopeful signs. In Pittsburgh, where housing heretofore has had low priority, the Allegheny Conference, in cooperation with labor and civic groups, has set up ACTION-Housing, Inc., to tackle this knotty problem. Further, the city has helped to establish a unique organization called Operating Staff Executives, which includes a top executive from each public and private agency dealing with development problems in Allegheny County.

Mayors, long accustomed to fighting their battles alone, are finding that their powerful industrial partners are giving them a new entrée into Washington. Some mayors, keenly aware that their new and distinctly non-military redevelopment programs could fall victim to the budget balancers or to the cold war, have already enlisted their new business partners to plead their cause before Congress and the Administration. Continued federal assistance is essential to the urban-renewal program.

To that urban muckraker, Lincoln Steffens, the new municipal alignment might have seemed somewhat questionable. But if Steffens were around today, he would see that the coalition of big business and politics, once responsible for "the shame of our cities," may be their best hope.



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BOOKS and the ARTS

Politics and the Good Citizen

SOVEREIGNTY: AN INQUIRY INTO THE POLITICAL GOOD. By Bertrand de Jouvenel. Translated by J. F. Huntington. University of Chicago Press. 320 pp. $4.50.

David Thomson

JUST WHEN the decline of political philosophy is being almost universally lamented, the Frenchman Bertrand de Jouvenel has produced a book that—despite its diffuseness and excrescences—has many of the qualities of a great work in political theory. With an urbanity, subtlety and persuasiveness that have been miraculously preserved by his English translator, M. de Jouvenel explores the modern implications of a free society under a democratic government. Regarding political science as "a natural science dealing with moral agents," he examines the consequences of the fact that men live in society, and then the moral implications of those consequences. The course of his argument leads him to breathe new life into such terms, made empty by over-use, as "authority," "common good," "sovereign will" and "liberty." It is a book that none interested in political theory can afford to ignore, and no review can do full justice to its nuances of argument, its intellectual stimulus, or its witty eloquence.

Its qualities can best be shown by posing an important current problem of political theory, not itself directly considered by M. de Jouvenel, applying his ideas to that problem, and discovering what illumination they can cast upon it.

Most of us are only too well aware, in 1958, that what happens in politics will affect us all, both immediately and ultimately. We know that the modern state is more active, doing more things that affect more people more of the time, than any previous state; and that international politics contains possibilities of life or death for us all. What we cannot believe—and what no one can convincingly persuade us to believe—is that anything we can say or do as individuals is likely to have significant effect on what happens. The paradoxical outcome of power politics is to render all politics powerless; the irony of democracy in conflict with dictatorship is that its citizens feel scarcely less helpless than the subjects of a dictator. This feeling of helplessness, personal and even national, in the face of world conflict is the most striking feature of the present political scene. Any theory of current politics that does not confront it fearlessly is doomed to futility.

IN THESE circumstances, to exhort men in the manner of traditional democratic theory and the civics textbooks to make themselves good citizens by mastering the intricacies of politics is plainly no remedy. We run into the undeniable fact that for most men and women, preoccupied with being good parents or good workers, politics must necessarily remain an intermittent, marginal interest. The good housewife, who devotes so much of her life to bringing up her family in a good home that she falls into great ignorance of national or world politics, is not patently failing in her citizen duties or neglecting the "common good." Any man's resources of time, energy, powers of concentration and wise judgment are finite, and to wrestle with problems beyond one's understanding (and probably beyond one's control) may not be the most useful way to spend them. Nor has the obsession with politics that usually goes with political activism been proven to be a healthy element in a good society. To make everything else peripheral to politics is the very stigma of totalitarianism. The first task of democratic political theory is to put and keep political activity firmly in its place.

If these are the elements of one great current dilemma, what help in tackling it do we get from M. de Jouvenel? He makes three suggestions that can be brought to bear. First, he suggests that society rests above all on a general expectation of performance and fulfillment that is not, as a rule, disappointed. Men and groups do, in general, conform to fairly regular and foreknown patterns of behavior. Mutual confidence, systematic social relations, normal ways of life in even the humblest sense, are nourished and sustained by experience that such expectations are indeed usually justified. Laws, decisions of governments, and other actions of public authorities presuppose such confidence, and in turn help to reaffirm it. They do not, in themselves, create it.

Seen in this focus, the central daily concern of the good citizen should not be politics as such, but rather the perpetual strengthening and reinvigoration, in all aspects of social and economic life, of these mutual expectations and this communal confidence that is the basis of society. In such a task politics remain an important form of activity, but one that is normally peripheral and can well be intermittent.

Secondly, M. de Jouvenel suggests a very important distinction between two types of authority, which he calls that of the *dux* and that of the *rex*. *Rex* lays down rules of conduct, enforces contracts, arbitrates disputes, provides the authority behind that daily co-operation of neighbors that constitutes normal social life. He is the guardian, rectifier, adjuster. But *dux* is dynamic—the *entrepreneur*, the activist leader, the promoter and instigator of action, the assembler of human efforts who induces men to follow him for specific ends, and commands their loyalty because they also will these ends. Leadership, whether in social or political life, is usually thought of as that of *dux*. But it is intermittent, disturbing,

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and in a democracy not necessarily the most important form of leadership, save in war. The rule and authority of *rex*, resting also on consent, reflect the essential qualities of neighborhood, continuity, social cooperation in daily life. Consequently, in obeying the behests of *rex*—whether as custom, laws, or the simple fulfillment of social expectations—the citizens may be contributing to the good life of a free society.

The two kinds of authority are often, of course, found combined in the same person or institution, and they often overlap and interact, just as social and political activity overlap. To insist that pensions paid in implementation of a national pensions scheme shall have their expected real purchasing power and shall not be corroded by inflation or economy cuts; or that agreements reached in industrial negotiations or arbitration are not infringed when found to be inconvenient; or that commitments undertaken internationally are both capable of being implemented and are then fully implemented: these are political issues which, being also ethical issues, are within the grasp of the ordinary citizen of good will. And this degree of control over events and policy—a determination of direction and spirit rather than of detail—is seldom unattainable by normal democratic machinery or parliamentary procedures. What the democratic citizen most needs from both *rex* and *dux* is a clear presentation of alternatives, so that he can make his choice between them, and this is the crux of effective leadership in a democracy. The present confusion of politics in the United States, Britain and France arises mostly from the failure (so far) of the party systems and leaders of these democracies to present such alternatives.

Thirdly, M. de Jouvenel sees in democracy "nothing other than the triumph, in the political order, of the presbyterian idea." He means by this that the older belief, that truth was beyond the apprehension of the ordinary individual and must therefore be in the keeping of the organized body of the church, gave way to the view that this organized body stood between the individual and truth and that if "every mind is equally capable of grasping the same truths, then it is the business of all to pronounce on moral issues." Politics, in short, was subservient to ethics, and in that sense too was peripheral, not central.

That political action is inherently likely to be more effectual than social action is one of the commonest fallacies of our time. We forget the wisdom of Samuel Johnson:

> How small, of all that human hearts endure,
> That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!

Some of the deepest ills of society—the erosion of family life and a high divorce rate, widespread prostitution, a disturbingly high rate of suicide and violent crime, the growth of juvenile delinquency, dishonest labor relations—are ills peculiarly impervious to action by public authority. Despite the ever-expanding surface of contact between state and society, the state can do little to cure these ills other than by keeping up a system of public order that discourages them. Politics can be no substitute for ethics—a truth unfashionable but ineluctable.

Indeed, the action of public authority is so greatly affected by the spirit and habits of men within the society which it "governs," that it might be argued that social action is more likely than political action to strike at the root of the most troublesome social ills. It is in his own family life and personal relationships, in his occupational organizations and business dealings, as parent, employer, worker, professional man, even more than as voter and citizen, that the good citizen shows his civic goodness. It is in these activities that he is most familiar with human needs, most likely to be sensitive and responsive to ethical demands, most likely to take wise decisions. If in these matters he is selfish, avaricious, and indulges in bad faith, then he is doing perhaps more to undermine a good democratic society than if he takes little or no part in direct political activities. If, on the other hand, he establishes and practises ethically good codes of behavior in these matters, he is all the more likely to judge correctly of major political issues when these come before him.

We suffer from the lack of a clear and articulated theory of the modern state and society, and part at least of the prevailing sense of helplessness springs from our resulting inability to see things in focus. It is the supreme merit of M. de Jouvenel's book that it helps to sharpen our focus.

A Novel for Teacher

SOME CAME RUNNING. By James Jones. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1266 pp. $7.50.

David Ray

THERE is probably no reason why fiction intended as eulogy in ardent dithyramb cannot succeed. However, this motive has wrecked James Jones's new effort. Within a plot which, in its basic relationships and themes, is a rewrite of *From Here to Eternity,* Jones attempts a worshipful promulgation of the ideas of his mentor, a Southern Illinois woman who has directed his writing for several years.

Jones met Mrs. Lowney Handy, a teacher of creative writing in his home town, when he returned from the army in the forties. She had worked out a detailed system for writing, and her enthusiasm forced Jones into the labor of his first book.

Mrs. Handy's system involves a discipline derived partly from army rules and partly from ideas she had found in her reading (largely philosophic or religious) over the years. A writer working under her tutelage, for example, has no breakfast, "because you think better that way." He is also forbidden to talk until noon, because Mrs. Handy has adopted the Eastern conception of the creative value of silence. Her students must write steadily until noon, then devote the afternoon to penitent physical labor, carrying out her comparison of writers to monks. They must also undergo a period of "copying" verbatim on their typewriters various works (by

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Hemingway, Wolfe, Dos Passos, Raymond Chandler) that Mrs. Handy assigns. When employed on his own prose, the novice hands in what he has produced each day, and she goes over it with him, reinterpreting scenes or suggesting slants consistent with her views on psychology.

In this way, this strong-willed woman has provided Jones (and her other students) not only with a method of writing, but with an entire world-view, a way of interpreting his material. Her views on psychology and human nature (e.g., that women are "dominating") served Jones well in *From Here to Eternity,* both in the construction of an intensely emotional yet basically philosophical dialogue, and as a way of interpreting his characters dramatically. At the same time her spartan discipline kept him at the typewriter.

And now, evidently out of some sense of obligation, Jones has tried to embody Mrs. Handy's ideas in a permanent and dignified shape. In an article published more than two years ago on my experiences as a student of Mrs. Handy, I wrote: "Jones was re-educated daily from his choice of dramatic subject matter to ideas, usually strongly religious or philosophical, which Lowney decided he should write." At that time, *Some Came Running* was being written. I chided Jones for his dependence on Mrs. Handy, for I felt, then as now, that he is a good dramatic writer who cannot prosper as a didactic propagandist. I did not know, however, that Mrs. Handy's influence would result in converting a serious writer's novel into a eulogy of her life. With *Some Came Running,* Mrs. Handy has her teacher's dream fulfilled. Her student has written a book about her, acknowledging his indebtedness to her in a note calling the book a "collective enterprise."

IN *Some Came Running* Dave Hirsch, whose experiences parallel with painful precision those of James Jones for the past few years, is obsessed with love for Gwen French, who teaches at a local college and unselfishly assists the town's youngsters toward careers as great writers. She is a Christlike figure with a code of rules for success. One of her rules is that any involvement in sex can only end in tragedy for an artist. By marrying, committing suicide, enlisting in the army and "running off to Chicago" (various ways of fleeing her guidance or being trapped by other women) her students destroy their talents and bear out her theory that "sex was involved in the failure." Finally Dave, the most talented of her students, is also trapped by sex. He turns to a piggish girl when Gwen, a conscientious virgin at 35, refuses his advances. Dave is then killed by the girl's first husband who suddenly reappears; the death is a rewrite of Prewitt's in *From Here to Eternity,* and illustrates the same theme of punishment for a rebellious eroticism.

Unlike her other students, however, Dave succeeds to a degree, for he leaves his novel for Gwen to clean up. Appropriately enough he recants, in a testament written just before his death, of the one instance in which he did not strictly follow her advice. He agrees that a section in his novel of which she disapproved should be cut.

Jones thus has worked out an allegory acknowledging the truth of Mrs. Handy's philosophy. The failures and deaths consequent upon ignoring her incitements to greatness are object lessons for heretics.

If, that is, you share Jones's estimate of Gwen. But few readers could possibly do so, and that is where the novel fails of its missionary purpose. On the basis of the evidence presented, Gwen emerges as a woman wallowing in a mire of philosophy while controlling the lives of all around her. They feel that she is more responsible for their books than they are: "I aint written nothin since I left here." She is always threatening to leave her students in order to write her own book. The thought horrifies them; they never suspect that they might be able to get by (and perhaps even write) without her.

While Jones lets Gwen ramble on for page after page, he suppresses considerable evidence for a more cogent insight into her personality. Toward the end of the book (page 1247), Gwen considers the possibility that "she herself was responsible for Dave's death," flirting with an interpretation of her own conduct as destructive. Earlier, Dave presents a poem to Gwen:

> "I am hungry," the young man said.
> "For what do you hunger?" the woman smiled.
> "I do not know," he said.
> "Come," she smiled, "and I will feed you."
> And she took him to her bed where she poured ashes upon his head
> And laughed at his surprise.
> "Ashes are good for you," she said;
> "They are full of minerals."

But this kind of evidence is over-ridden to enshrine Gwen as a messianic, infinitely generous mother figure with a key to the publishing kingdom.

Mrs. Handy's philosophy served Jones well in *Eternity.* Her faith in the tragic consequences of what we might loosely term sin (straying from commandments) was convincing when punishment also proceeded from bucking the U.S. Army. When it is nothing but an extension of her belief that sex ruins the artist, readers less religiously inclined are likely to be left perplexed, seeing such events as Dave's death as mere contrivance.

Mrs. Handy has been promoting books right along. Last year saw the emergence of first novels by three of her students, Edwin Daly, Gerald Tesch and Tom Chamales. Readers who suffered through these second-rate and derivative patchwork quilts (all born of long stints at "copying") have reserved judgment for Jones' long-heralded second novel. Perhaps now that Jones has written a monstrosity, the Handy system will be seen by its probationers for what it is.

Undine

You were the shape of green in your glass garden,
a quince, or quince on ripening trees
such that the room turned with your voices.

The word was summer and the beach was green
with green waters and pebbles like whispered words
to roll in our easy summer mouths.

Under the lazuli sky you were summer given,
gladly as the sea gives,
gladly taken away in the end.

But of your color there was no end, no opposite
to the glass vase image thick with summer
of the lake, of the small white steamers, the white
sails crossing before the island.

What shall I say? Who would believe me?
You were the shape of green in your glass garden,
quince on ripening trees. You were the hall of mirrors
in my dream of memories: night, *les illuminations.*

ERIC PFEIFFER

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The Loss of Laughter

GOGOL: A Life. By David Magarshack. Grove Press. 329 pp. $6.50.

Jacob Korg

THIS biography is the tantalizingly lucid portrayal of an enigma; Mr. Magarshack has struck off a vivid and exceedingly informative picture of a gifted neurotic. Gogol was a man who could observe and record external events with the precision of genius, but he was hopelessly incapable of knowing his own mind. He was a talented actor and reader, but when he became himself, his habit of stifling his feelings gave his acquaintances an uncomfortable sense that he was not really there.

Gogol's career began and ended with periods of self-deceiving innocence. Between these came the years when he used his candid awareness of actuality to write his great books. On arriving in St. Petersburg as a young man he confidently published a narrative poem he had written at the age of eighteen. Its failure brought him to his senses; he bought all the copies and burned them. After winning recognition with tales about Ukrainian life, he produced *The Government Inspector, Dead Souls* and *The Overcoat,* the handful of masterpieces that established realism in Russian literature.

It has always seemed unaccountable that Gogol should have felt the need to undertake a program of spiritual regeneration while he was still in the middle of such a magnificent achievement as *Dead Souls.* As one who had often suffered from the censorship of the Czarist autocracy, he seems to have tried to discipline his rebellious feeling by kissing the knout. He became the sort of chauvinist who could declare that Russians lived and felt more deeply than others, the sort of religious fanatic who dates his spiritual illumination from a bishop's blessing. It is clear from his letters to his friends that the energies which had gone into his art were now absorbed in feats of prayer and self-denial and in meddlesome moralizing. These letters reveal Gogol as a self-deluded Tartuffe, a traitor to his own genius. Both laughable and pathetic, this part of his life has the grotesque quality of a page from *Dead Souls.*

The spirit of Gogol's greatest works is "anger," without which he believed true expression to be impossible. Angry at the social abuses of Russian life, he tried to mock them out of existence. Mr. Magarshack explains the oppressive piety of his last years as the result of his belief that laughter was not an effective social remedy, and that only direct moral teaching would effect the divine mission for which he felt responsible. Consequently, he looked back at each of his great works with disgust, and promised that the second part of *Dead Souls* would contain a spiritual revelation to atone for what he considered the inferiority of its first part.

But this revelation, like Gogol's health and genius, was destroyed by his religious mania. Convinced that the manuscript he had been writing for ten years was unworthy, he burned it. Afterwards he wept, said that it contained his best work, and tried to persuade himself that it could be rewritten from memory. But all he was able to do was to prepare himself for death.

Mr. Magarshack makes us feel the tragedy of all this. But his account of what is known about Gogol, because it is clear and plausible, also makes us feel forcefully that there is much about his odd spiritual development that remains baffling and unrevealed.

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Bucolic

Having enough plowshares,
The best will in the world, and fat pastures,
They beat the rest of their swords into shears.

The rewards of peace
They reap! With each haired, maned, shag beast,
As each tamed field, fattened for its fleece.

If, as of old,
But with stuffed bellies, the shorn wolves seek the fold,
It is only in winter, from the cold:

Whole days, when the snow is deep,
They lie, pink and harmless, among the sheep,
Nodding, whether in agreement or sleep.

W. S. MERWIN

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THEATRE

Robert Hatch

THE CRITICS of the daily press, almost without exception, have declared that *Summer of the 17th Doll* (Coronet) is not blended for the American taste. Its Australian accent, they say, is so exotic as to be virtually unintelligible. Still worse, the play is about some dim people whose circumstances are too remote from ours for the spark of sympathy to jump the gap. The New York theatre being the shopping center it is, this judgment will probably be fatal to Ray Lawler's play—unless the Theatre Guild membership is sufficient to keep it going until word of mouth comes to its rescue, as I believe it then would.

For *Summer of the 17th Doll* is a good play, a strong play that deals in fresh terms with a theme of almost universal application. And it is performed by a company whose wit and eloquence is not often surpassed in the Broadway neighborhood. I cannot account for the fretful bafflement with which it has been greeted. The Australians speak a kind of simplified cockney which no doubt sounds vulgar to ears trained on Michael Redgrave or Dame Sybil Thorndyke, but which is no more difficult to understand than the voice of Mississippi, one of our more popular stage lingoes. The only thing exotic about the circumstances of the play is that the men in it are sugar-cane cutters, who labor for seven months in Australia's tropical north and then come down to Melbourne for a five-month vacation, known, not very obscurely, as "the lay-off." There seems nothing in this to trouble the least flexible of playgoers, and surely the reviewers are not thrown into confusion because Australians celebrate Christmas with fireworks in the summer.

I suspect that what really strikes them as passing strange is the normality of the people Mr. Lawler has caught in his tragedy. It is a long time since we saw on the stage a working man who was not frightened by his own strange appetites, or an old crone who was not hiding a bloody axe in her bureau. We have been sensationalized by our playwright moralists and are puzzled by the suggestion that psychopathology is not the only road to human understanding.

The theme of Mr. Lawler's play is the wages of illusion—the more perfect the illusion and the longer it endures, the more shattering the price it finally extracts. He chooses to work with the lives of very simple people who express themselves with an openness that is almost embarrassing in this era of oblique comment (clinical shoptalk is a form of emotional evasion). But the theme itself, Lord knows, is one we all recognize.

Two sugar-cutters have been coming south for sixteen years to spend the off-season with a pair of barmaids in a house owned by the mother of one of them. For both couples these reunions have been perfect, unchanging, inviolable recurrences of happiness—five months of heaven every year, as one of the girls describes it, saying that she would not exchange what she has known for any marriage in the world. But this is the seventeenth summer.

WITHOUT quite realizing what they were doing, the men and their girls have stylized and ritualized their relationship (one of the men has brought his sweetheart a kewpie doll each year—if you were wondering about the odd title). They have always exchanged the same jokes, eaten the same meals, drunk in the same bars, gone on the same excursions and parted with the same promises of love and renewal. Thus they have worked a miracle—they have made time stand still. This year, though, the tableau has been broken. One of the girls has married, one of the men has lost his gang leadership to a younger field hand; and though another girl has been found and all the proper forms have been observed, the well-loved ceremony will no longer work its magic. With the magic lost, they are lost entirely. As in any fairy tale, their youth falls from them in rags—there is no transition—they are old. They try to embrace, to comfort one another—but who can embrace, or speak even, over a gulf of seventeen years? They do what charmed lovers must always do when the charm breaks—weep, smile and turn apart.

I think this is a tragedy of substance and pertinence—at least I have no trouble translating it into settings closer than Australia and into contexts other than romance. Lawler has worked it out with admirable compassion and an expert understanding of the dynamics of the stage. He has no bizarre secrets to disclose, he is not dealing with extreme experiences, his people are strong and will no doubt survive somehow. In these respects he may be unfashionable, but in deeper respects he is important and it seems too bad to dismiss him as a stranger from that odd country where people walk around upsidedown.

There is not much point in giving you the names of the actors (Mr. Lawler himself plays one of the men), for they are all Australians appearing here for the first time. They have been acting in this play for a long while—both at home and in England—and they now work together with a harmony and individuality that is magnetic.

ON HIS second visit to New Yor Marcel Marceau (City Center) migh have been well-advised to show us one or two of the "mimodramas" with which he has entertained Parisian audiences. His style-pantomimes and BIP sketches are brilliant exercises in an exacting technique, but mime for the sake of mime becomes after a while a delight for cultists. The "master," as the program notes are pleased to call him, comes perilously close to the appeal of an acrobat—we applaud the difficulty of the turn. I would not be misunderstood: Marceau's repertory is shot through with ironic comment on human behavior, but the range of observation is not very broad and it does not cut very deep—our reach exceeds our grasp and the involuntary embellishments of our gestures betray the foibles of our hearts. These are valid statements and they lend themselves to wit; they also lend themselves to repetition and a preoccupation with virtuosity.

Pantomime is one of the basic devices of stage communication and our theatre is the thinner for having allowed it to recede in the curriculum. By isolating it and presenting it in pure and concentrated form, Marceau becomes an eloquent teacher of his specialty. In a similar way we might profit from a repertory of elocution, for our stage speech has become ambiguous, not to say sheepish. But in the end, such skills are valuable as they give power and freedom to the artists who master them. The mastery is not itself the point.

The titles of some of the "mimodramas"—*Praxitele and the Golden Fish* or *The Overcoat* (Gogol)—suggest an application of the art of mime to more substantial ends than occur in "Walking Against the Wind" or "BIP Has a Sore Finger."

THE DIETARY equivalent of *The Music Man* (Majestic) is a tunafish sandwich washed down with a frosted

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chocolate. I eat this sort of thing when I am on the run, but I don't take the theatre on the run.

Meredith Willson's musical machine is bland, prettily tuneless, competently banal and entirely unnecessary. I don't understand why it attracted any audience at all, and yet its success is so great that just to have seen it is a mark of sophistication and success. Having exercised the ingenuity and paid the price necessary to get into the theatre, the audience will applaud its own taste and good fortune, and let it be known around town that it has seen pure beauty, embellished by Robert Preston (who is not at all bad). So the myth prospers and tunafish becomes a feast for the aristocracy of the expense accounts. Nothing succeeds like snobbery reinforced by indifference.

ART

Maurice Grosser

THE WHITNEY MUSEUM is holding until March 16th an exhibit, subsequently to tour the country, of fifty-eight American paintings and sculptures. The general title is *Nature in Abstraction.* The works, for the most part by Abstract Expressionists, are colorful, noncommittal, scrupulously individualized and singularly unsurprising, being by the group shown in every Whitney show and in every issue of *Art News* and *Art Digest.* The greatest novelty lies in the exhibition's name, taken because—as Mr. John I. H. Baur, curator of the museum, explains in his preface to the handsome catalogue—these painters, without ceasing to be abstract, are now beginning to take their themes from nature.

Nature, according to Mr. Baur, has three categories, defined as "the tangible world of land and water, the intangible world of light, sky and air, and the eternal forces of generation, growth and death which make up the cycles of life and season." The exhibition is accordingly divided into three sections, one for each of these aspects. The paintings displayed, however, seem uncomfortable in this impressive framework. As far as one can tell from the pictures themselves, only a few of the painters have subjects from nature, and those few are not really Abstract Expressionists. There is a Georgia O'Keefe *From the Plains* with fat rumps of squatting storm clouds, a John Marin *Movement —Sea or Mountain, As You Will* with its play of mountain and valley, Karl Knath's somewhat thin cubist reduction of a *Winter Wharf,* Lauren McIver's *Les Baux* and Joseph Stella's *Spring.* A few others present some suggestion of natural objects arrived at, perhaps accidentally, during the course of painting, like Charles Schucker's *The Tree* or Hans Moller's *Forsythias* (an action picture with yellow spots) or the handsome *Composition: The Storm* by Balcomb Greene which seems to me, with the possible exception of the Marin, the most successful and convincing picture in the show. But most of the works connect with nature only by their titles. Thus the Peterdi (neat rectangular draggings of a square brush dipped in blue paint), the Gorki (which looks like a congress of amorphous monsters), and the Frankenthaler (a large non-repeat pattern in colors suitable for a bedroom chintz) fit section one, *The Land and the Waters,* only in that thay are respectively named *Tidal, Waterfall* and *Lorelei.*

In section two, *Light, Sky and Air,* nature is indicated by two more storms; a hastily painted *Red Sky* and a *High Snow—Low Sun,* both in the athletic brushwork style; a *Flight into Morning* and a *Golden Dawn,* exercises in pointillism without forms or images, a *Radiant Space* in primaries; a *Spring. Twelve O'Clock* in interlocking rectangles like an architect's floor plan; a *Laureline* in grim black smears; and even a *Number 2.*

Cycles of Life and Season contains two *Februaries* four years apart; a *Drift of Summer;* a *Red Vine. Autumn. Dogtown* and two other *Autumns* both of '56 but one in Vermont; a *Black Dahlia,* a *Dead Leaves,* and a large, vague, uncharacterized picture in shades of pink by Philip Guston with no name at all. However useful titles may have been in organizing the exposition, they bear so little relation to the pictures themselves that one is tempted to believe them subsequent and extraneous additions, and the part taken by nature to inspire the painting remains less than clear.

Nature, to a painter, is anything in the outside world he can touch or see. If he is to use nature as his subject he must clarify in visual terms the relation of this outside world to his inside self and attempt to describe this interplay to other people. Sometimes an abstract painter may take a motif from nature and generalize it into a comment on a particular style of painting or school of

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art. In this case he is using art history, not nature, as the subject of his work. Or he may attempt to arrive at some sort of general symbol for a class of natural phenomena.

Few of the painters presented in this exhibition try to do any of these things. Their subject matter appears to be for the most part a private emotion or an interior state. A subject matter as unspecific as this, suitable for music, is difficult to communicate in visual terms. Most people simply fail to discover what the picture is about. Since the subject matter is unidentifiable, the painter is driven to find some striking idiosyncrasy of hand writing, to distinguish his pictures from others. This found, his subject-matter can remain obscure, for his talent can then be judged by the memorability of his formula, and his inspiration can be measured by the beauty of his paint and by the size of his canvas.

Why, then, all this fuss about nature? Few of these pictures are about it: few of the painters have been trained to confront it. Perhaps "nature" here is being given some new meaning. One is almost led to suspect from Mr. Baur's text that the word "nature" is being re-styled against the day when "abstract expressionism" goes out.

THE Museum of Contemporary Crafts is showing through April 6 a beautifully presented selection of the works of Louis Comfort Tiffany. Tiffany was the most important and successful American decorator of the turn of the century working in the medieval style. The style derived, as did Pre-Raphaelite painting and Art Nouveau, from the Gothic revival of the early 19th century, and was distinguished by its insistence on handicraft—that is, hand work by artist-artisans—and by its modernization of the traditional grammar of ornament into contemporary and semi-realistic decorative forms.

Tiffany's stylistic framework, unlike that of William Morris and the earlier medievalists, was Romanesque rather than Gothic. His specialty was glass. His leaded glass windows were famous, the most extraordinary being a curtain made in 1911 for the stage of the National Theatre in Mexico City. His principal effects were unknown to the medieval tradition, effects such a imitation of oil paint obtained by firing the glass with transparent colored glazes. But his greatest novelty was the use of translucent marbleized glass in a manner not unlike *collage* to supply modeling and to suggest natural textures. For folds in a drapery, clouds in a sky or feathers in a wing, he would select a piece of marbleized glass of accidentally appropriate pattern and back it with colored glass to give the tint desired. The process was expensive and elaborate. The results, if frequently harsh in design and vapid in sentiment, were always rich in color and varied in texture.

The present show has only one such window, an unimportant one without Tiffany's characteristic — and troublesome—late Pre-Raphaelite iconography. His great skill and invention in the manipulation of glass is better shown in the small objects—vases, cups, plates and tiles—done in what he called "Favrile glass." Their stylistic models are Roman, Saracenic or Art Nouveau. Sometimes colored patterns are fused and blown into the fabric of the glass itself. Some have the surface iridescence of old Roman bottles. Everything has the pleasant irregularity of objects made by hand; everything is as different as possible from the functional forms and unified textures of present-day design. The colors and textures are rich and intricate; the shapes often more decorative and exotic than useful or beautiful. To us they seem pre-eminently period pieces. Their spindly flower forms, their butterfly-wing colors and their Byzantine shapes and encrustations irresistibly call to mind some elaborate setting for Strauss's *Salomé*.

As in all the decorative work of the period, nature is constantly mentioned —a window like a grape arbor, vases like flower calices, ten bronze lilies intertwined into an electric table lamp, or a lamp which is a bronze tree trunk with a leaded glass shade of branches, leaves and fruit, a Tree of Knowledge for some library table. But just as in the Whitney show, nature is not the real subject of the work. Nor are the two exhibitions basically dissimilar. At the Whitney, the pictures' subject is private emotion, expressed by a spontaneous and unpremeditated use of paint. Here the subject is the evocation of a style, expressed by means of that greatest of all luxuries—hand work in a machine age. In each case color and texture are more interesting than content. And just as the medieval revival, of which Tiffany was a part, was a revolt in the art of decoration against the mechanical decoration and furniture of the industrial revolution, so in the same way this particular development of the Abstract movement can be regarded as a revolt—also perhaps in the art of decoration—against the dry, functional style of our own time.

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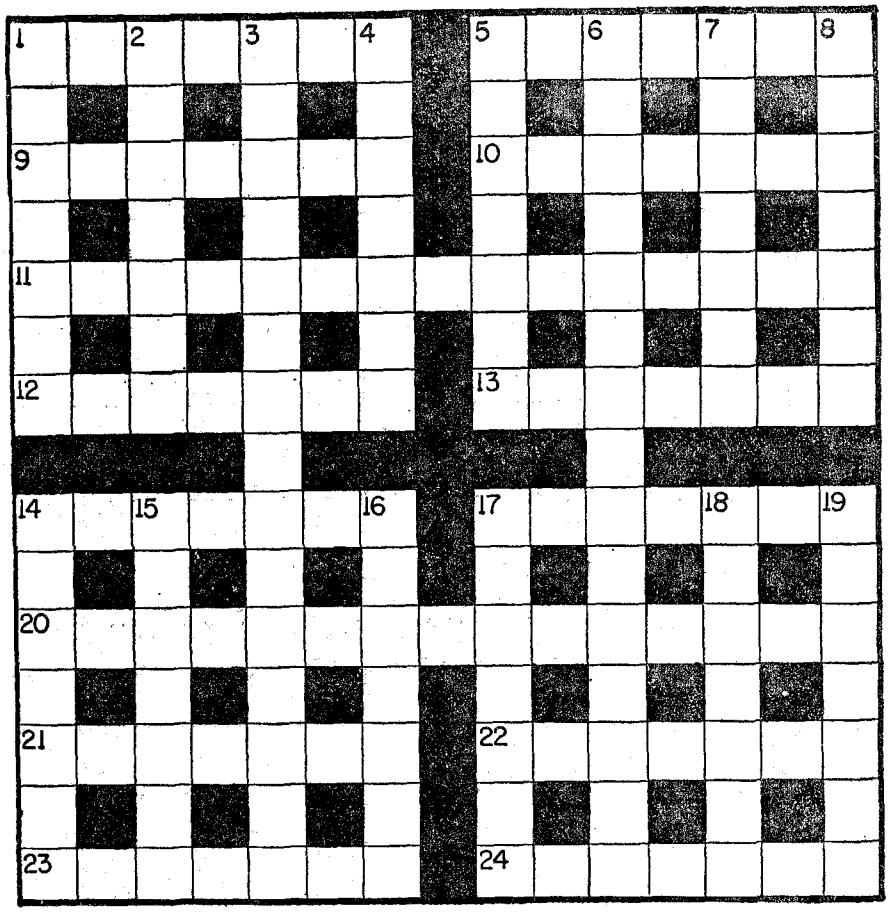
Crossword Puzzle No. 758

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Croons a variation about moon, perhaps. (7)
5 and 20 across Make a firm introduction with everyone but Edward? (With apologies, of course!) (7, 7, 8)
9 Certainly not written about a small part of Sputnik's progress! (7)
10 Give some thought about what still waters might do. (7)
11 This might be satiric, if open on a talking mountain, for example. (15)
12 But Lascars aren't all such bad fellows! (7)
13 You could probably only change one of these into copper. (7)
14 Not trig, but getting worse all the time. (7)
17 Cheese insect, but not for long! (7)
20 See 5 across.
21 Piggy! (7)
22 Poetically, unfold a flower which is diligent. (7)
23 Given a break, you might still appreciate them. (7)
24 Doesn't like to see such a large number getting badly set more than once. (7)

DOWN:

1 Fall for the harvester, perhaps. (7)
2 Concerning a serious matter brought up about what the mechanic does to the engine? (7)
3 Whatever happened to industry in some countries? (15)
4 The way a little girl doesn't tell the truth, and goes out anyway? (7)
5 The particle that is left, or just part of it? (7)
6 Right may be with you, if you have it! (15)
7 Talk about quick? Write about the opposite! (7)
8 Eat nuts, and get poisoned by it. (7)
14 They are often followed with dinner. (7)
15 Do its wheels suggest at least one revolution? (7)
16 These might be regular gushers. (7)
17 Crates are not usually made from it, however. (7)
18 Shakespeare's five were full. (7)
19 One might expect European callers to appear this way at times. (7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 757

ACROSS: 1 CAT-O-NINE-TAILS; 10 INSTALL; 11 CARTOON; 12 CORNICE; 13 PUCCINI; 14 ENDINGS; 15 DUNGEON; 16 INDIANS; 20 REPROOF; 23 ASSAYER; 24 CAUSTIC; 25 LIAISON; 26 MISSION; 27 UNIMPEACHABLE. DOWN: 2 ASSURED; 3 ORATION; 4 ILLNESS; 5 ESCAPED; 6 AFRICAN; 7 LEONINE; 8 DISCREDITABLE; 9 INSIGNIFICANT; 17 DISDAIN; 18 ALYSSUM; 19 SYRINGE; 20 RACEMIC; 21 PRUSSIA; 22 ON TRIAL.

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